NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"THE ORATORS OF FRANCE."—*Second Notice.*

We endeavored in our last to give some idea of this book, as a translation; we now proceed to the proper "Book of Orators" itself, for the purpose of presenting to the public some of the portraits which CORMENIN has there sketched the most happily. That of LAMARTINE is hit off excellently, with mixed indulgence and sarcasm, praise and banter, such as that vainest of great men seems to us eminently to deserve. We must translate in part for ourselves; for our Magnus Apollo of translators has not followed the text before us, but out of several different characters patched up a composite one, such as Cormenin himself protests against being required to draw:

"Dear reader," says he, "I have come, I warn you, to the most difficult of all my portraits. Twenty times have I touched and retouched it; taken it down from my easel, and put it up again. What reproaches, too, have I not received from all who have done me the honor to examine it? 'You make him too handsome:' 'you make him too ugly.' 'He is more the liberal:' 'he is more the royalist.' 'You do not paint him enough the conservative.' 'You make him too little the radical.' 'He is more of a socialist,' pretends one; 'he is less a socialist,' protests another. 'He is more religious,' insists this man; 'he has no religion at all,' avers that. What shall I do? To whom hearken? I have more than once half thrown away my brush: the portrait has been the plague of my palette. How am I to satisfy, I will not say the poets, (who are insatiate of praise,) but the public—that public which asks for unity in that which would no longer be a likeness if it had any unity; and content no less my adversaries, who reproach me with having changed my colors every time that Lamartine has changed his face? What am I to do? There is but one plan left me; here it is:

"I will fling together into my Appendix the several sketches which I have made of Lamartine, at various periods, as poet, orator, politician. To each sketch shall be attached its date. Let any body tell me then, if he can, that Lamartine was not such at that date! Am I to paint people anywise but just as they were when they sat to me? Observe, then, that if I now paint him, once more, as he is in 1847, I am not to be held responsible for the unlikeness of 1848, and thereafter."

Then, after touching a little upon the difficulty of defining a public man of purposes and principles so shadowy and evanescent, he suddenly seems to yield to the solicitations of the poet; for there are people that would rather stand in the pillory than not be in the public eye. "But come!" says he, "since you will have it so, and since, perhaps, that is all that can be done, I will see if I cannot excuse you, by explaining you."

"But, look now! they will not give me the time; they interrupt me with fresh objections! How? say they: at first a follower of Legitimacy; then of Socialism; then a Conservative; then an adherent of the dynasty; then a Liberal; then almost a Jacobin,* then a Catholic, and then a Rationalist: what *has* he been? What has he *not* been? What *is* he now? Must I reply that I can't help it; that I know nothing about it; that I won't be questioned? No; I choose rather to ask what all that signifies? Can the reproach of inconsistency, whether political, social, or religious, seriously reach a poet, and a lyric poet especially?

"To define the lyric poet is to define Lamartine. A poet above all, the poet, in him, bears away the deputy, the politician, the statesman. * * * *

"He sings when he speaks; he sings when he writes; he sings when he meditates; he sings when the day rises, when the night falls; he sings when the wind moans, when the bird warbles; he sings when he sings; he sings always.

* * * * * * *

"What transformations in this man, unparalleled and apart! A few years since he was defending that retrogressive policy which we were then combating; and now he makes into the boundless domain of Socialism dashes, plunges, that frighten us. Then, he was a proser, heavy, diffuse, cloudy; and now he writes pages which have the depth of thought and of style of our great masters. At that time he was a declaimer from memory; at present, he extemporizes upon any given subject, with a warmth, a boldness, a grace, a propriety, a wealth of imagery, an abundance of emotions, a happiness of expression, which no living orator approaches."

He next praises Lamartine's generous purposes as a public man, his devotion to the cause of humanity; by which he means (he says) "French humanity, such as the relief of the poor, the freedom of education, the care of foundlings," &c. By French humanity, Monsieur Cormenin no doubt means that special sort, not peculiar to France, but of which she has given many shining specimens: the demagogue humanity which talks like Howard at home, and acts like Attila abroad: which prates in Paris of fraternity with the whole earth, and glories in having under Napoleon desolated half Europe; which weeps over the woes of Poland, and burns five hundred Arabs (men, women, and children) in a cave, because they would not come out. Oh, yes! we know full well how humane some people are to their own land, *where humanity is good to get them votes.* Monsieur Lamartine's would seem, according to our portrait-painter himself, rather of that sort, for Cormenin proceeds:

"But as to the cause of humanity in general, of justice in general, I regret that Monsieur de Lamartine has let himself, at least once, be infected with that shameful malady, that scabby patriotism, that dry and heartless national selfishness, which would sacrifice to the *interest* of our own country all the rest of the earth. So much of false and fatal empire, over minds the most generous and hearts the most christian, has the passion for conquest!

"Thus, Monsieur de L. desired, in 1840, that we should seize upon an Ancona in the East, (Saint-John of Acre, for example,) and this without the slightest provocation on the part of the Sultan. Why not as well wrest Malta from the English? Oh, no; because the English are strong. Why, then, rob the Sultan of St. John of Acre? Why, but because he was *weak*?—unless, indeed, he was to be stripped because he was a Turk. Admirable morals!

"Had England seized and kept Alexandria, not hers, it would have been shame! and shame thrice over! upon her. But had France seized and kept (as they would have had her do) Acre, not hers, it would have been glory! glory thrice over! to France. It is with the weight of such exclamations that Lamartine, with whatever of best in ministers and orators and soldiers and journalists, and moralists and play-wrights we then had, weighed the public actions of the European Governments. Glory and shame, thus judiciously awarded, high-sounding words! what do you mean? Oh mighty sceptre of empty sentences! when shalt thou cease to rule us?"

This is, indeed, bringing Lamartine's celestial theories to a rather decisive test. After all, an honest nation, like an honest man, must be honest abroad as well as at home. Its love of its own freedom cannot be very pure if it is willing to take away that of another people. But let us go on with Cormenin and Lamartine; and next of the diction:

"While Lamartine, the pupil of Mauguin, recited, word for word, his memorized speeches, his diction was loose, weak, dragging, involved, and never escaped from the lower region of phrase-making: but now he is grown so sure of his power to speak off-hand that he no longer holds on to the hand-rails of the tribune. He abandons himself to all the strength of his swan-like flight; he cleaves the waves, and spreads himself to the air, just as some ship flings out on the waters of some still lake its purple sails to the breeze.

"He speaks a sort of dialect, magnificent, picturesque, and magical, which one might call Lamartine's tongue; for nobody but he speaks it or can speak it. From it escape in profusion, like so many luminous jets, a crowd of happy thoughts and of metaphorical expressions which surprise, charm, captivate you, which fill and ravish the ear and the soul of each hearer.

"No doubt this pomp of sounds and of epithets would, in any other orator, appear too studied, his figures of speech too poetical, this diction of his too dazzling, his closes of sentences too modulated; but listening to him, seeing him, one soon comes to feel that, in his sort of genius, he could not express himself otherwise; that to him the sublimity of his language is as natural as is vulgarity to a pettifogger; and that all these fine phrases, those fine sentiments, which one would at first take to be the work of the head and got by rote, come only from his heart."

Thus goes on our character-painter, in a style of praise which is either most wicked banter, (for how could any thing be worse in parliamentary eloquence than all this?) or else debate and taste, in the French Chambers, must be the most ludicrous things ever beheld. Yet GUIZOT, always a most able speaker for business, a masterly debater, whether for attack or defence, luminous, lofty, and strong, is there; so is his great practical rival, THIERS, a man of great resources; so is ODILON BARROT, a man approaching, for commanding vigor and simplicity, to the antique models; so is BERRYER, probably the greatest European speaker of the age. Alongside of such, how must all this poetical splendor appear, that may delight or surprise, but can never enlighten nor convince, can only captivate the ear and the imagination, and is, in weighty affairs, merely fit to be wondered at, not listened to? We cannot think the discriminating, the acute Cormenin serious in all this, or that he means, by thus extolling LAMARTINE as a poet-orator, to intend any thing else than the insidious praise that, for fine words, with nothing in them, Monsieur ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE is a little the most surprising orator ever seen, a glorious piece of finery, a transcendant nothing.

We have thus far given the most striking parts of this portrait, the freshest which he has drawn of LAMARTINE, and answering, perfectly, as it seems to us, to that last aspect in which he has shown himself; where, action being the question, not words, he proved himself as poor in that as rich in these. Could talk, which may make revolutions, conduct them, he was a man to sit on such clouds and direct the storm: but the seat gave way, and master Alphonse fell through.

But we must go on with the close of this picture, the traits of which, though growing yet more encomiastic, are still consonant with the meaning which we suppose them designed to convey; for, to the last, he gives him not one quality of the able man or real deliberative speaker. Yet he assigns him very generous qualities; for example, thus, in his conclusion:

"If it is your pleasure that Lamartine shall always be the same," [shall no more be flighty, the Frenchman would have said, had they an equivalent word in their language,) "then hang yourself to his feet, and hold down to earth those sublime wings which bear him into space, across the real worlds of God's creating and the fantastic ones which are of the poet's.

"If he has been legitimist, then socialist, and afterwards conservative, and if he be to-day a liberal and to-morrow republican, what's that to me? Shall I be so tasteless as to exact from such a poet the fixed opinions of a fool?

"Even as the wild bee gathers his honey alike from the lofty cedar and the humble violet, from the sweet petals of the rose and in the bitter cup of the cytissus; so Lamartine, that bee of politics, in flitting through them, has gathered only what was sweetest and purest in each plant or flower of party, whether socialism, republicanism, legitimacy, or conservatism. It is in this manner that he has belonged to each of them by turns, and perhaps still belongs to them all, without ceasing to be himself."

This, for the moment, (he presently makes some amends,) must decidedly again be ironical; for of what value are, in the statesman, all these extracts, these quintessences, this ambrosia of systems and parties? A mere drone is he, at last, who carries not home honey for the hive. A poetical bee, only expatiating, like Monsieur Alphonse, for his own little bag, is a mere butterfly.

"Let some sprig of nobility, that has shot up his starry head between the benches of the Chamber, mount to the tribune, and, unless told his name, we shall never be able to guess whether he be a duke or a dresser of hair; but if LAMARTINE rises from his seat, by his lofty gesture, at the first words he lets fall, each stranger will at once have recognised the high manners, the elegant bearing, the polished tone of the old French chevaliers. It was said, I believe, of Cato [no, of Cassius, by Brutus, in Plutarch] that he was the last of the Romans: well, taking him altogether, by the air, the distinction of his person, public and private, Lamartine is the last of the great lords.

"I have often asked myself what Lamartine would have done upon the benches of the Convention; [ah, indeed! along with Mirabeau, Danton, and those fiery geniuses!] and it seems to me that he would, by his touching appeals, have moved more than one of those savage hearts to the softenings of mercy and pity: what he would have been under Napoleon, and I have answered, a magnificent ambassador of the great emperor and great nation: what he would now be, if he were made minister, and it seemed to me that he would walk into his cabinet with all the naif enthusiasm of a good man; and that, three months afterwards, tired of his own impotence, surfeited with disgusts, he would hand back to his door-keeper his red portfolio, and go to breathe in the shades of his loved solitudes an atmosphere purer than the poisoned one of courts."

Not a bad guess, this last. It has all happened, except that voluntary surrender of the red portfolio and that glad withdrawal to the beloved shades. No: people so little fit for supreme power are always the most reluctant to quit it. We might point to some Presidential and Ministerial examples at home; but we won't.

"No one, either in the Constituent Assembly or in Convention, or in our own diminutives of them, ever had, near or far, an oratorical physiognomy equal to his. Were such a man to disappear from the Chamber, his place there would be empty forever, and it looks as if we should see leave it with him the superb eloquence of imagery, the poetry of public business, the animated defence of social theses, [conjectures,] the generosity of popular theories, [such generosity as wants to help itself,] and the chivalry of high sentiments."

As to that same chivalry, we have had some of it in our own country; and the chevaliers were, upon occasion, generally party men sadly supple. But let us finish.

"I think I shall not be accused of saying too much nor of saying too little, if now, on the 30th of January, 1847, I aver that Lamartine is the most flowery, the most lyrical, the most humanitarian of our orators, the most melodious of our poets, (without excepting Racine even,) the foremost of our extemporizers, an eminent prose-writer, a vast mind, a noble heart."

Thus, in all this praise or banter, there is not one word about capacity, except that of making speeches that glitter wonderfully, to no object except of procuring Lamartine the admiration of people silly enough to suppose that raving about humanity *is* humanity, that talking grand theories is being a statesman, and that sticking the rhetorician's chair into the throne will either enable a man to govern or make him really an orator of public affairs. For our own part, knowing well Lamartine as a poet of much more melody than meaning, pretty without vigor, sentimental not passionate, dreamy not thoughtful, (and such nearly is Cormenin's own judgment of his verse, in another earlier portrait of him which may be found translated in the book we are noticing;) knowing him as a traveller whose account of things never hesitates at any fiction for effect, and is no better than a romance; knowing his history as a politician too futile to gain a footing with any party, though false enough to court all by turns; knowing him as an orator who talked a very fine sort of blank verse, but was never supposed to perceive what he was after, except to be admired; knowing him as a legitimist turned demagogue, a republican who is such since the tyrant whom he joined in pulling down would not take one so incompetent for his minister; knowing him as an infidel who, Christianity being in vogue again in France, could talk apostolic fervors, in his Travels, about the Holy Sepulchre; knowing him as at last, in despair of figuring in politics that had any sense in them, taking to the furious nonsense of the Socialists, and making himself the grand doctor of those absurd disciples; and, finally, knowing him, though not a bad man in intentions, as a historian capable, because the old Revolution was getting popular again, of panegyrizing ROBESPIERRE, the most flagitious of villains and detestable of monsters, as a friend of liberty and almost a god: knowing all this, we say, we have, from the beginning, looked on a revolution which was silly enough to set *him* at its head, with just such confidence as we should on a grand subversion of every thing in Great Britain, which should deliberately select Tom Moore—though *he* is a better politician as well as poet—to conduct it.

Adieu, Monsieur Alphonse, thou troubadour of the tribune! When sentences turn to sceptres, thou shalt be another Napoleon, and crown thyself the universal emperor of that dominion of the dictionary, that world of words. Then shall our own statesmen of sound, our syllable-catchers of strict construction, whose bloody enigmas Mexico mourns and our puzzled populace has refused to see out to any further solution, restore themselves with some redeeming riddle, rise again to be the potentates of politics that are but puns, and fraternize with thy phantasms. And, should some insurrection of meaning, some rebellion of sense, ever spring up in thy realm of unrealities and shake thy sway, we will, like faithful allies, send thee some legions of invincible Abstractionists, armed with the Virginia Resolutions of '98, General Jackson's ideas of State Rights and Judicious Tariffs, Mr. Van Buren's Southern Principles, Mr. Polk's notion of our "unquestionable rights," and the Richmond Enquirer's objections to a military chieftain. Transcendentalism will have to be on its last legs, if all this don't set it up again.

* He began, after Napoleon's abdication, by entering the Body Guard of Louis XVIII. During the Hundred Days he kept out of sight. This loyalty procured him, at the Restoration, successive Secretaryships of Legation at Florence, Naples, and London. In 1830, Charles X, just before his downfall, gave him the embassy to Greece. He now stood for a place in the Chamber of Deputies, but was defeated. In 1832 he travelled to the Levant. In 1834 he was elected deputy for Dunkirk. He appears to have courted the King, the Opposition, and the Socialists by turns.

THE FINE ARTS: DOUGHTY'S LANDSCAPES.

It requires one to sit for hours, as we have recently done, studying the truthful landscapes of THOMAS DOUGHTY, to appreciate the following fervent thoughts suggested by them, for which we are indebted to a highly-accomplished friend, whose judgments are the result of an intimate acquaintance with the best schools of art, and an ardent lover of Nature. We cordially endorse his appreciation of the merits of the artist now under review.
[*Ed. Knickerbocker.*

"It is your delightful duty, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, to look around you in this much-abused world—this world of sunshine and deep shadow; this world, composed of brave men and bright women—and to seek out the gems that lie scattered hither and thither, like those found by SINBAD in the Valley of Diamonds. When you find them, you do not keep them in your charm-begirt sanctum, but you put them joyously before your friends, that they too with you may see how the HOLY PROVIDENCE dispenses His glories and dignifies our existence by His bounties. Bright thoughts from books, dear words of poetry, great themes of prose, divine efforts of art—these, with other matters, compose the subjects of your discourse, the ends of your observation. It is no ungrateful task. For years, now, through the winter nights, when the icicle and the snow without, by contrast, made the tender light of your carcel-lamp and the cheering beam of your fire more snug, cozy, and comfortable; in the summer solstice, when the mayor and his officers were hunting up precedents for killing dogs not yet rabid; and in the autumn, when the gold-dust of the October sun was scattered through the GOD-breathed atmosphere of evening, you have worked away like a patient, pains-taking beaver, and 'done your search and your pursuit;' and the readers of our beloved Knickerbocker have felt, I am sure, the value of these your labors of love.

"But let us not run on forever thus. It is of our great landscape-painter we would now discourse: with due respect to others, equal perhaps to him in effort and in aspiration, we say 'our great landscape-painter.' COLE, the gifted and the great, is dead. He has run his 'course of time,' and is reaping, we trust, his 'course of empire' of bliss in those happy lands where the poet of religion and of nature can see the elements in their magnificence, and dwell forever without care upon the effulgence of beauty. There are others in art near to the hearts of the dwellers in this great city of enterprise and struggling genius, whom we shall name hereafter, as in duty bound; but for the present we must deal with the misty, the atmospheric, the nature-student, DOUGHTY. Proud are we to call him friend; proud are we to call him who is the bosom boon-companion of the earth, the air, the sun, the rivers, and the woods, our friend. Are we too extravagant? Look at the works of REYNOLDS; look into the lectures of FUSELI; the critical enthusiasm and beaming printed thoughts of the 'Oxford Student,' and accuse us not of 'overstepping the modesty of Nature.' DOUGHTY!—for years this simple-mannered man of mind has been in our midst; at times he has wandered away from us into the European realms, and his pictures have been brought before us time after time, and we have been lost in wonder at their beauty. He has lately returned from a pilgrimage abroad; he, the profound master of light and shadow, has been in England, and in France, and in the National Academy in London, and in the long and superb Louvre at Paris; he has stood face to face with the Apostles of Art. He has now returned, in his prime, to his native country. In the exhibition at the Academy, a few months since, he exhibited his upright picture of '*Solitude.*' It hangs now in one of the largest and most frequented rooms in our city. How dreamy the composition; what a touch and what a truth throughout! Step by step, over huge ledges of rock, and beneath the gnarled branches of trees, through the mists of the cataract, we are led up the lonely mountain-side, and from some high-pinnacled rock we look into the vast distance, and see still the gleam of rushing waters, and fancy that we hear the waving branches of trees. His air *is air;* the multitudinous trees bend beneath its breath, or stand fixed in its stillness.

"DOUGHTY's distances are superb. It is not *paint* that we see before us. His blue does not look like ultra-marine and lake, but like mountain-land seen through the very atmosphere itself. His meetings of hills are softly blended, as if the breeze interlaced the lines, and the air quivered the branches of trees together. There is moonlight over the snow-forest in his picture at the Art Union. How vast and how sublime the dim outline of that landscape! Over those dark worlds of trees the winds will take hours to pass, and the eagle will speed until his strong pinions tire, before he reaches the limit of the distance. Gleaming through the overhanging branches of snow-covered trees, a rivulet dashes over rock and through ravine, and is lost among the soft ice that lies before the spectator in the foreground. Hung where it is, in the gallery of our excellent Art Union, it is too blue, because other pictures near it are too red: and here we would like to 'gauntlet' a little with this our New York Art Union. They say they will 'hang pictures according to time of purchase.' This, we deferentially say, is wrong-headed and heavy-handed. *Put your best pictures in the best places,* as a reward for the highest talent. Is your institution one of money or one of taste? Both, perhaps: better that it were one entirely of taste, and let the money stand behind the curtain in the treasurer's hand, to be paid to the painters. If you be a society of taste, (as we suppose and uphold you to be,) be tasteful. 'Give the d—l his due. *Hang* your bad purchases all together, where you like, but *elevate* your good purchases according to light, according to taste, and the appropriateness of adjacent things. Doughty's pictures and Cole's pictures should be placed apart from the rest. We all admit them to be our masters; Cole in one style and Doughty in another. Cole is epical, Doughty is epilogical; Cole, in his later studies, is the Painter of Poetry; Doughty, in study perpetual, is the Painter of Nature. Let us honor both—the dead renowned and the living beautiful. When the tomb shall have closed (and Heaven keep open that gate for many, many years!) over the sturdy, honest-locking figure of our friend Doughty, how his works will rise like flowers of beauty and taste from the rich soil of his inurned genius! *While he lives,* let him be honored; while he lives and breathes, and holds his masculine face upward to the skies, and wields his fervent brush, so obedient to his genius, let him be appreciated. In the name of genius, and in the behalf of our country's art, let this great and modest man be sought after. Let his studio, in our artist-inhabited street, ycleped White, be visited. There, in the same house with him, worships the spirit of beauty, HUNTINGTON—he who painted 'Mercy's Dream;' and whoever visits there our 'misty man of art,' our lonely brook and shadowy mountain painter, will be richly repaid. Much more could we say, much more *should* we say of him, and others of his glorious brotherhood, who pursue the truths of Nature, and give to us in our rich or poor saloons, as the case may be, the effulgence of sunset or the silver of moonrise."

SANTA ANNA OUTWITTED.—The Kingston (Jamaica) Journal of October 10 relates the following anecdote on the authority of a correspondent in Cuba:

On Friday night last a man was discovered in the premises of General Santa Anna, carrying away a box belonging to one of the general's servants. The fellow was captured, and the owner of the box was for taking his prisoner to the cage; but Santa Anna proposed that he should be secured for the night, and in the morning he could be lodged in the hands of the authorities. The box was therefore taken away from him, and, at the suggestion of the general, he was well tied to a tree in such a manner that there was no doubt of his security. The general seemed, however, to have some doubts, for he got up more than once during the night to satisfy himself that the fellow was safe. About two o'clock he again left his bed to have another look at his prisoner, but his bird had flown, and, what was more surprising, he had taken away the box with him. How the thief managed to loose himself, and make his way into the very place wherein the property he had first stolen was placed, after being taken away from him, no one can tell. No intelligence has been as yet heard of the thief or the stolen property."

ARKANSAS COURTS.—*The way they do it.*—A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, writing from El Dorado, (Ark.) relates the following:

"R. H. M., an attorney of high standing at our bar, being counsel in a case then pending, was called by the Sheriff from the courthouse door three times distinctly—R. H. M. Esq., R. H. M. Esq., R. H. M. Esq.; but no answer to either call, and it was impossible to proceed with the case without him. Some inquiry was made by the Court 'in person,' when one of the crowd walked up to the bench, saying: 'Ef you want him pretickeler, Judge, he's over at B.'s playing poker.' Here was a fix. The Court had too much respect for such sport to break up the game, but could not conveniently adjourn; so, after reflecting a moment, he very coolly remarked to his informant, 'Go over and play his hand a while, and tell him to come into Court.'"

AMERICAN AND GERMAN SCHOOLS.

The following letter, directed to the Superintendent of Prussian Schools, was written at the request of his brother-in-law, for some eight years Pastor of a German church in the city of New York. By him it was translated into the German language, and published in one or more German papers in this country; which, with a large package of specimens from the New York schools, was sent for publication and distribution to the proper school functionary in Prussia.

To the General Superintendent of Prussian Schools.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1848.

The schools of New York city and other parts of America have adopted the principle of aiding the *improvement of others* as a part of their system. They prepare specimens of writing, drawing, needlework, mechanism, minerals, shells, plants, and other works of nature and art for sending abroad to aid the great cause of education in all parts of the world. Their motto is "Our field is the world and all mankind our neighbors." To benefit their neighbor, they aim to say in deeds more than words, "*let there be light!*" hoping by works of nature and art, thus prepared by their hands, to send to some other school, State, or country the light of science of the mind and soul of knowledge and good will.

In this work the New York schools invite the German schools to unite. From the very high character long possessed by German schools, they will doubtless be able to give light to schools in America, which they will reflect to each other, and perhaps unite in reflecting back to Germany, possibly to many parts of the world. In this way schools can give light to schools all over the world.

If all the nations in the world should thus unite in sending to each other the light of knowledge and good will, they would throw up such a wall of defence against the invasion of their rights as would enable them to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn that it would be best to go to war no more. Every enlightened mind, and especially Christians, will acknowledge that it is alike their interest and duty to use their endeavors to bring about such a state of things among the nations of the earth. It may also be a question, whenever it arrives, whether schools will not have the principal agency in the work?

Such an interchange among the schools of different nations, all sending from their abundance in the common blessings of Providence to make up what may be lacking by their neighbors and children of the same bountiful giver, would doubtless be hailed by the schools themselves as a joyful event, leaving the accomplishment of the work only to the assent of the teachers and parents for their children to engage in it. Nor will it be doubted by any one that pupils, while thus animated, as certainly they would be, to let their light shine upon their neighbor, would themselves be most successfully enlightened.

It is hence plain that the schools of the world, by letting the light of knowledge and good-will shine upon each other, producing widely-extended acts of kind and christian reciprocation, would produce a powerful defence, if not an impassable barrier, against hostile invasion, and thus entirely avoid or greatly lessen the expense of navies, arsenals, and other munitions of war. It is also plain that the schools themselves, and every member of every school over the whole world, would hail such an interchange of kind reciprocations as the most joyful event that could possibly arrive. It is equally plain that such reciprocations among schools for aiding and improving each other would in the best possible manner promote the improvement of all. Where, then, is the loss and where the difficulty in securing the good? Simply in the assent of teachers and parents for their pupils to engage in the work. And what can be the motive for withholding such assent? Surely there can be no motive, and such assent cannot be withheld.

Parents, teachers, and other friends of schools in Germany, are hence invited to encourage and aid their young friends in uniting with the children of the same common Father in America, for letting their light shine to each other, again to be reflected to all parts of the world. If animals, plants, fruits, agricultural implements, mechanics' tools, household furniture, articles of dress, different kinds of food, or every thing in nature or art, should be drawn by young German hands, with the names of all, both in German and English, added, and sent to America, children here could see what German hands can do, and try to do the same with their own hands. They would also see what things, both of nature and art, are produced in Germany, and what they are called in the German as well as English language. The same can be done by American schools for their neighbors, their brothers and sisters in Germany.

While the young Germans and Americans are thus engaged in works of kindness in giving light to each other, they will not need cannons, swords, spears, or any other instrument to prevent their doing each other hurt; so they can take their swords and beat them into ploughshares, and fill their ships of war with something to do each other good, instead of cannons, powder, and other instruments of death, for they will learn so many better ways that they will want to go to war no more.

He who thus addresses German children is trying to do all he can to aid the American children to do good, and not evil, to their neighbors in Germany, and now invites both German and American children, each in their own way, to let their light shine not only to each other, but, by aiding each other, to the whole world.

Schools and children, both in Germany and America, are thus invited, though far apart, to join hands and hearts with each other, for doing good to each other, and to the whole world, by their friend, JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

FROM THE RALEIGH (N. C.) REGISTER.

The edifice for this purpose, the erection of which was provided for by the last Legislature, is now nearly completed, on Caswell square, in this city. It is a splendid building, finer even, in its external appearance, than our boasted and majestic Capitol, and it is at once an ornament to the metropolis, a monument of public humanity and liberality, and a noble specimen of architectural skill and ingenuity. It is built of brick, with a rough cast resembling the finest cut granite, and so perfect is the imitation the most practised eye might be deceived by it. The style of architecture is unique, resembling, perhaps, more than any other that of the old and stately Norman Gothic castles of England. Yet it is far from being purely Gothic. It harmoniously blends the excellencies of different styles, originally designed and combined by the architects and contractors, (Messrs. Dabney and John Cosby,) as much with reference to strength and utility as to beauty. The chief or centre building fronts Halifax street on the east; it is four stories high, and, with its massive columns and lofty turrets, presents a front which is hard to beat on this side of the Atlantic. The two wings, three stories, intended chiefly for dormitories, the one for the male, and the other for the female pupils, are admirably constructed, and will keep them as distinctly separated as if they were on opposite sides of the street. It is due to the intelligent and worthy contractors to say, the work has been faithfully executed, as well as handsomely planned; and that, instead of falling below, it rises above public expectation.

The pouch in which the way mail is conveyed on the great Southern route was found in one of the small streets of Philadelphia on Sunday morning, rifled of its contents. The way letters placed in it at the post office in New York on Saturday evening for places south of Philadelphia are among those taken out. When or how the pouch was stolen has not been discovered. It is a wonder, considering how carelessly these things are conveyed to and from the landings and some of the city post offices, that this does not happen more frequently.

The Wheeling Times establishment is offered for sale by its present publisher, JAMES G. WHARTON, Esq. Connected with it is a job office, a bindery, and all the necessaries for newspaper and book work.

FATHER TAYLOR ON GOV. BRIGGS.—At the close of his services on Sunday afternoon Father TAYLOR held up the Governor's proclamation, appointing a day of Thanksgiving, and said: "Brethren, I would read this paper if I had strength 'enough left to do it. It is very long, and as good as it is 'long. It ends with the prayer 'God save the Common-'wealth!' Thank God, brethren, *that was done a week 'ago.*"

MACHINERY FOR MEXICO.—The brig Martha Savage, which sailed from New London for Vera Cruz on the 26th instant, has on board the machinery complete for two paper mills; one of which is to be established at Contreras, the other at Guadalaxara. The machinery was manufactured by Messrs. Smith, Winchester & Co., of Windham, Connecticut, and is valued at $50,000.

FREAKS OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—On Tuesday evening last the engine which took the Philadelphia train to New Brunswick, when detached from the train, was left in charge of the fireman for the purpose of being placed in the engine house. The fireman, it appears, in backing the engine, came in so rapidly that the speed could not be checked until it came in contact with the rear wall of the building, which was much broken by the collision. The falling of the broken wall led the fireman to think that the building was about to come down upon him, whereupon he threw the machinery in forward motion, and jumped from the engine to save himself. The engine, under a heavy head of steam, instantly started forward, and ran with great speed toward the railroad bridge, the draw of which was off, and the engine was precipitated into the canal with a tremendous crash, which destroyed it.
[*Philadelphia Ledger.*